

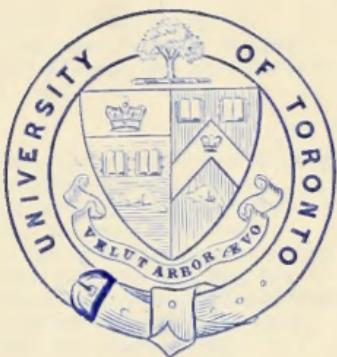
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Fugaces

W. A.

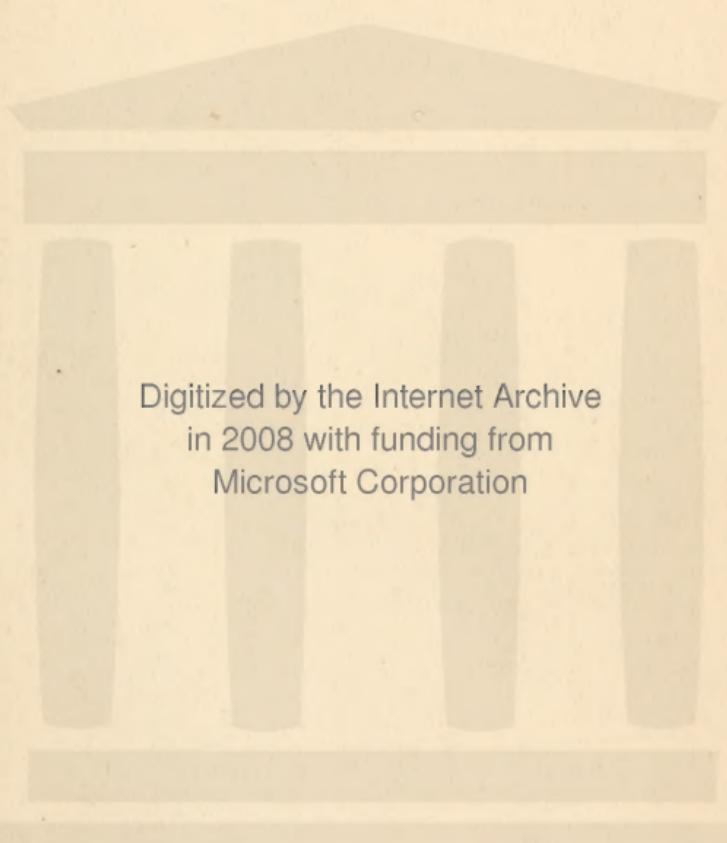
Adams





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HORÆ FUGACES

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HORÆ FUGACES

Poems

BY

W. A. ADAMS

'Eheu, fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni.'

HORACE: *Odes* II. 14.

377438
26.3. A.D.

LONDON

ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

1902

INSCRIBED

TO

MAJ.-GEN. SIR IAN HAMILTON, K.C.B.

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HORÆ FUGACES

A DEDICATION

WORDS of a day, breath of a summer night,
Ghosts of regrets that live when hopes are
dead,
Go seek a resting-place in kindred souls.
for I
Through all the weary years have dreamed I
might
Fashion some little thing, as Milton said
Long since, that mankind shall not will-
ingly let die.

A GIFT

ALONE

The poet stands : how then can he expect
 The world to heed his rhyming ? Learned
 men part
With knowledge, statesmen squander intellect,
 The poet gives the world a bleeding heart—
 His own.

GRATITUDE

'Tis hard perhaps to feel we sow
And work beneath the noon-tide sun,
But that posterity may reap
A richer harvest when we've done ;
For the men who enjoy conquests
Are not the men by whom they're won.
But knowing that we reap the crop
Our fathers sowed after their kind,
Shall we grudge a richer produce
To those unborn who stand behind ?
No ! In eternal gratitude
Shall we full consolation find.

LINES FOR MUSIC

WE'VE spent the night in song and revel,
In roisterous, rollicking rain
 Of cups and kisses
 Of matrons and misses,
Until it is almost pain
 To leave the grave
 That midnight gave
 To earthly sorrow,
 And hie with the morrow
To serve our task-master, the Devil.

And yet when life's load is heavy,
And the work-gnawed wither galled,
 The kisses will linger,
 And so will the singer,
Whose bright eyes have held us thralled,

And the wine shall glisten
As still we listen
To the echo of song
Borne hence along
By the eddying wind of Memory.

A CURIO-US CONCEIT

(Written in a Lady's Album on leaving)

It is well that you should know
 You and we are curious,
 And now by the loss of us
 You become a curio.

IN THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU

WE sit in the forest of Fontainebleau
'Neath the shade of the listening trees,
And hearken to the distant flow
Of Nature's sounds that come and go
With the rise and the fall of the breeze ;
And scarce the amorous turtle-dove,
Who woos his mate our heads above,
Can have such thoughts of constant love
As thou and I, my darling.

And yet, like clouds on summer sky,
In this old forest of Fontainebleau,
Come other thoughts which, hovering nigh,
Are ready to bid my dream good-bye—
My dream of happiness, for I know
I must seek distraction in social strife ;
I was never framed for a woodland life ;
I should not wish thee for my wife—
And yet I love thee, darling.

And must we ever thus resign
The thing that's dearest to our heart ?
I know that thou canst ne'er be mine,
I know that I can ne'er be thine,
I feel we must for ever part ;
For we are cast in different mould
Each other's arms must others hold ;
'Tis an old tale once more re-told—
For such is life, my darling.

And yet, when we have parted,
Shall we both be single-hearted ?
Or will the scar remain
Left by the brand of pain
Across our souls for ever ?
We two shall go our ways,
Spending still happier days,
Listening to others' praise,
And yet forgetting never.

A TOAST

Of superfluous wealth

Let the rich man boast,

But while we have health

I'll give you a toast :

Death to the dullard daily and nightly,

Love and long life to the merry fool,

Upon whose back care sits as lightly

As any elf on his own toad-stool.

LINES

*(Written in the Visitors' Book at the hotel at
Amanzimtoti, Natal, South Africa)*

THE World's a hostelry where strangers stay,
Coming and going, during life's brief day ;
I'm glad the world has treated me less well
Than I have fared a week at this hotel.
If 'twere not so, I'd think Death's open portal
A greater ill, wishing I were immortal.

HER BLIGHTED GARDEN

*(Dedicated without permission to the
Countess of W.)*

'HER Garden of Friendship pleases me much,'
Said the Devil with cynical air,
'For what is sacred I love to touch ;
It is just the harvest-field for such
As me, who have none to care.'

There he saw the Mistress at evening fall
Walk alone ; and, with covetous scorn,
'Ah ! Lady,' quoth he, ' so fair, so tall,
You are the sweetest flower of all,
On my bosom you must be worn.'

So the Devil entered that garden fair,
And laughed as he thought of the morrow,
For he scattered the friendships here and there,
And he blasted them all with the cold night air—
With the air of doubt and sorrow,

Broadcast he sowed the Dead Sea fruit,
And implanted the bitter rue ;
The seed of discord soon took root,
The buds of oblivion began to shoot,
And the sapling contention grew.

Though the chatelaine strove to uproot the
weeds
That grew rank 'neath the fostering sun,
Though she planted the cuttings, sowed the
seeds,
Watered them well, and supplied their needs,
Still they withered one by one.

For the good that was done there during the
day
The Devil at night effaced ;
But who was the fiend ? Ah ! none could say,
For before the morn he was far away,
And the dew his track erased.

At length his triumph-day was come,
Not a flower in the garden grew,
And the Lady walked there at set of sun ;
She wept o'er the work the Devil had done,
And o'er what he had yet to do.

But the fiend himself was by her side,
And she tasted his fatal breath,
Having gazed on the wreck of friendships
tried,
She laid her down in his arms and died—
The change that men call death.

Then the Devil placed this last fair flower
All crushed on his flaming breast ;
'The fairest,' he smiled, 'have their dying
hour,
She is now at last within my power
I shall take her away to rest.'

When he entered hell with triumphant stride,
The flower had ceased to bleed ;
The fiends came clustering to his side.
'Ho ! Why do you pin it there ?' they cried,
'What value in a weed ?'

For an angel, watching all alone,
Had stooped through the gray night air,
Had lifted the bleeding flower, and flown
Straight to the foot of the great white throne,
And laid it blushing there.

ADAPTABILITY

WHATEVER the trials of life may be,
In weakness or strength remember he
Who fits himself to circumstance
 Will still some consolation find,
As a ship that rides at anchor
 Swings herself into the wind.

INDEPENDENCE

FEAR not to make mistakes upon the way ;
All men have made mistakes : he who has
made

The fewest is the best, let be what may
His calling, a profession or a trade.

As many different faces as there be,
So many characters ; and if not sold
For potage mess, our birthright claims that we
Shall fashion not ourselves on others' mould.

Young man, fear not your unseen conscience
less
Than others' tongues unheard ; make your
own plan
Of life, discard dull old convention's dress,
Fear not to stand before the world—a man.

AFTER LIFE

WHEN we feel that our strength must fail to cope
With the burden of life we bear,
Let us cling to the bark of certain Hope,
Mid the waters of grim Despair.

From imprisonment here we know by faith
We shall find in the grave release,
For the wine at the feast of Life is Death,
On the wings of the storm comes Peace.

RUSSIAN FOLK-LORE

THE Lord once gave
To all the Virtues a great feast,
 And gay and grave,
Alike the greatest and the least,
 Assembled there.
To honour them the Host divine
 Had bid prepare
A lordly banquet, food and wine.
 The mirth ran high,
When, turning suddenly, the Lord
 With anxious eye
Espied at one end of the board

Two guests who sat
Apart and did not speak together.
Wondering thereat,
The Lord of Hosts demanded whether
These silent two
Were strangers and had come from far,
Or, if they knew
Each other, was there ought could mar
Their mutual talk ?
At once a spirit, one of those
Who unseen walk
Around us and about us, goes
And quick returns,
Announcing these two guests to be
Strangers. God learns
The reason of the mystery,
Hearing their names.
Since then full many years have rolled,
And still each claims
Acquaintance vainly as of old.

True legends live
For ever, for Truth dies not. Should
Th' Almighty give
Another feast, these guests still would
Have seldom met ;
Benevolence and Gratitude
Are strangers yet.

ADVICE TO A LOVER

PAINTER, dash the sunset on thy canvas while 'tis
day ;

Poet, grasp the fancy and record it while you
may ;

Musician, seize the melody ere it melts away ;
Lover, press the maiden ere she's time to say
thee nay.

TO DOLLY B—, AGED TEN

WHY from the fun and folly
 Of a rollicking game of play
Do you sometimes suddenly turn, Dolly,
 And wander alone away ?

Do you see the angels glisten
 With the rush of a silver wing ?
Or do you just pause and listen
 To the silent song they sing ?

Your voice I shall never forget
 Mid the tuneful choir of girls,
Nor your thoughtful wee face set
 In its frame of floating curls.

Sweet as the song to the singer
 To me is that wreath of tresses,
Where the sunlight loves to linger
 With fondest of fond caresses ;

As if an angel bright
To this dark world had come
 To smooth thy nut-brown hair,
And, passing hence to light,
Forgetful left us some
 Of heaven's own brightness there.

COURAGE

UP, spirit, be brave and look ahead,
Present is dying, past is dead ;
The future yet unborn invites thee
To rest in the arms of its vast unknown,
To view its glories as yet unshown :
What haunting spirit is it frights thee ?
Fear not the soul's deep agony,
But close the grave of memory
O'er passions of days gone by.

FAITH

As with unslackened speed a brave ship keeps
Her nightly course through seas of surge and
foam

Trusting her beacon head-lights, so we roam
In evolution dark through life's wide deeps,
And trust in faith to bring us safely home.

TO ELISE

WHEN haunting thoughts surround thee,
And dreams give thee no rest,
When those who laugh around thee
Of all seem cruellest ;

When the gusty winter weather
Chills the heart-strings as you go,
Remember that we passed together
A summer long ago ;

A summer whose remembrance maddens
Our hopelessness to-day,
But whose trace, although it gladdens,
Will never pass away.

If we two must struggle, never
Meeting to redeem our bond
Of love this side Death's river,
I trust we'll meet beyond ;

Where, our vows of love redoubling,

We may learn what is, is best,

‘Where the wicked cease from troubling,

And the weary are at rest.’

A THOUGHT

Of all imagined landscapes there is none quite
So beautiful as that by cloud-banks made
Against a clearer sky, and, gazing, one might
Almost fancy that the picture could not fade,
With its hills formed by the sunlight,
And its valleys by the shade.

AFTER LISTENING TO A SERMON
ON THE CESSATION OF DIVINE
MIRACLES

ONCE, and once only, did the dial hand
Retrace its gliding steps ; nor do we lack
Intelligence to know that no command
Of mortal man may turn the shadow back ;

But when we realize the widow's mite
Of knowledge we possess, and how wide-
spread
The realm of mystery lies, we have no right
To say the age of miracles is dead.

SPRING

THE wild rose-bud is blushing in the hedge,
 The birds are singing by the woodland ways,
 All sights and sounds complete God's yearly
 pledge
 That spring is here, and with it happier days.

It grieves me, as I walk the country lane,
 To think that in the season I adore
 There is a rose-bud ne'er shall bloom again,
 There is a song that shall be heard no more.

Last year her beauty made my heart rejoice,
 And when I spoke of love my words would
 bring
 The rose-bud to her cheek, while her sweet voice
 Fell soft upon the breezes of the spring.

This year I am alone ; all the long day
 I wander blindly on, and try to guess
 The secret of the universe, and pray
 That night and sleep may bring forgetfulness.

ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF
ONE HE LOVED, WHILE ABSENT
ON ACTIVE SERVICE IN SOUTH
AFRICA

COULD I have seen thee, darling, once again,
Could I have laid one kiss upon thy brow
While it was warm, I should not feel the pain
Of parting with thee, as I must part now.

For duty's exile in a foreign land
Must only weep in silence and bewail
The fate that hinders him to take thy hand
And breathe into thy dying ear the tale,

At sound of which love's light would always
clear
Thy clouded brow, and which from morn
until
The evening fell you always wished to hear
Sung o'er and o'er again—I love thee still.

ON SENDING A LADY A CHEAP
EDITION OF KEATS' POEMS

MARK not this book's exterior plain,
But read the words within, dear girl ;
'Tis roughest oysters oft contain
Within their shell the richest pearl.

TO ONE IN DOUBT

You say you wonder why
Of every Christianity and creed
You are not sure of one that must succeed
In life, in death; but I,
Who know no crooked dogmas, only see
This one which is sufficient : let it be
Our creed until we die
Only to tread where greatest men have trod,
To honour Honour as Almighty God,
And never tell a lie.

TRANSVAAL, MARCH 3, 1901

After an engagement with the enemy, a young Boer woman was found sitting dry-eyed beside the dead body of her husband. Thereupon the author wrote the following lines :

The Woman speaks :

SLEEP well, and wake no more, beloved, to din
 Of clattering hoofs and clash of war's alarms ;
 I mourn in acts, not words ; I must begin
 Where you have ceased, and with these
 weaker arms,
 Whose roundness and whose whiteness you
 have praised
 So oft in days when all our life was love,
 Must hold on high our country's banner raised
 For right, and fluttering to the breeze above
 Our fallen foes. Dear one, sleep on ; you know
 That, though mine eyes are dry, my heart
 would break
 To see you dead and these poor eyes o'erflow
 With tears, if, dreaming this, you might awake.

But you, beloved, shall wake no more. The
sun

Of your brave life but glimmered and went
down

In blood by tyrants shed, and you have won
The victim's wreath and not the victor's
crown.

Here with a kiss I register my vow,
And when my soul turns heavenward you
must

Welcome me there and kiss me on the brow,
To say that I have not betrayed your trust.

Peace, peace be with you : blame me not for
this

That you are left unsepulchered to lie
Upon unhallowed ground. Once more I kiss
Your dear dead lips — good-bye, a last
good-bye.

FATE

(A Paraphrase)

Two shall be born, one toward the setting sun,
 One toward the rising ; one where snow-clad
 pines
 O'erlook a gray and sullen sea, and one
 Where groves of palm-trees wave and fiercely
 shines
 The sun on southern seas ; nor shall they know
 Aught of each other, nor in wildest dreams
 Have seen the other's face,—yet these shall go
 Across mad seas, where every danger seems
 Death-fraught, and each, unknowing and un-
 known,
 Unconsciously shall turn their erring feet
 By devious paths and trackless deserts lone
 With none to guide, until at last they meet,

Becoming one, and find mid sweetest tears
Of joy completion in each other's kiss,
With fruitful love and passion through all years,
And shall at last be satisfied—and this
Is Fate.

Two shall be born, close cradled each to each,
So close that if one should but slightly swerve
From off the beaten track, or even reach
A hand a little sideways, every nerve
Must feel the touch ; or should one lightly turn
A careless head, or now and then retrace
A careless sidelong glance, each needs must
learn
Full happiness, and, standing face to face,
Acknowledge each a love long sought—and
yet,
With listening ears that hear not morn or eve,
Watch-wearied eyes whose looks have never
met,
And voices ever calling that receive

No answer through the night, they go their ways
In utter loneliness, nor meet one kiss
Of love, and so live out their weary days,
And die at last unsatisfied—and this
Is Fate.

TRUTH IN ERROR

WHEN lost mid the mazes of error
We remember the clearness of truth,
When faded with age and full weary
We sigh for the freshness of youth ;
Though reason denies us the latter,
Yet hope crowns the former with light,
Though we find not our truth, perhaps error
Is truth, and our wrong may be right.

TO THE PICTURE OF E. G. J.

THY beauteous face straight from its frame,
As twilight falls, looks down on me ;
I shudder, for I fear to name
Or think a deeper agony.

You doubt, perhaps, my love's been sleeping
A silent, death-like sleep for years,
But if mine eyes refrain from weeping,
'Tis pride alone repels the tears.

For hearts may break though eyes be dry,
And thoughts may speak though tongues do
not :
Alas ! I feel too well that thy
Lost love shall never be forgot.

From year to year alone to go
For ever till death comes—ah ! none
On earth but such as I can know
The pain it is to be alone.

The pain to think that I should care
For thee, and that, endowed in youth
With heart so false, a face so fair
Should give the living lie to truth.

Through all the future I shall ever
Remember thou, a woman, made me
Use deep and dangerous endeavour
To rescue her, then twice betrayed me.

As the remaining years roll by,
Our past actions clearer seen,
The bitterest thought is not what I
Have lost, but what thou might'st have
been—

Have been if thou hadst realized
The sanctity of promise given,
And, traitress, had not jeopardized
Thy chance—and mine—of heaven.

THE DREAMER AND THE DOER

ONE man is sent here as a doer of deeds,
Another as dreamer of dreams ;
The first in the forefront of action leads
Like doers : the second seems
To live his life for ever concerned
With matters of trifling worth,
Treading life's highway, each glance turned
Far away from the earthy earth.
Yet the deeds of the doer are human,
The dreams of the dreamer divine,
And shall live when nor man nor woman
For the victor laurels twine.
The doer he works in the noontide heat,
The dreamer at dusk and dawn,
For as the dark and daylight meet,
The soul to its God is drawn,

And all the feebler thoughts combine
To lose their slough of frailty
And hold with that other soul divine
Communion of equality.

'YE OLDE CHESHIRE CHEESE'

(Fleet Street)

'Tis not the roisterous company
 That enters at thy door,
 But the great ghosts gliding silently
 Across thy sanded floor,
 That give thee the reflected glory
 Of a race now gone their ways,
 Famed in verse, renowned in story
 With the honour of past days.

Dreaming of the men whose jests shone
 Round thy tables as they ate,
 Instantly upsprings the question,
 Is this age degenerate?
 Are we cast in meaner mould?
 Or, rather, do we not inherit
 From the glorious men of old
 Some of their glorious spirit?
 Do we—— But these are questions we
 must leave to be
 Decided by a generous posterity.

LOVE

WHEN man loves woman, all his aims combine
To dower her with gifts that she will prize ;
But when a woman loves, her gift's divine :
God gave Himself, a woman does likewise.

SCOTTI VINDICATIO

I'VE heard it stated that Sir Walter Scott
Wrote merely jingling verses, and was not
A poet of high rank ; and this was meant
Not as excuse, but as disparagement.
Sir Walter bore an honourable name,
And has acquired the just mead of fame
For having been, as was Dunias in France,
Creator of historical romance.
To say he was no poet is as weak
As to assert that Chaucer wrote bad Greek.
Yet, touching not transcendancy sublime,
He taught a generation how to rhyme
In smooth and easy verse of metre short,
Which lends itself to feats of arms and sport,
And mountain scenery, and old folk-lore
Of how knights fought and ladies loved of yore.

Each of his pictures, whether gay or grave,
Supports the high encomium—that he gave
That fervid action to the printed page
Which few have e'en attained to on the stage,
And often culled the unsuspected rose
Of poetry from history's arid prose.
Thus Scott performed the task to him assigned
And, dying, left a deathless name behind.

AFTER SWINBURNE

AH ! shall we not linger to measure
Our lives by the milestones of pain ?
We live in the grape-juice of pleasure,
 We die in the lees that remain
In the cup, which the morning with bubbles
 Of hope has frothed up to the lip,
Concealing the evening of troubles
 Found only when deeper we dip.

TO D— S—

WHEN thou art with me, darling, does time fly
On swiftest pinion through a cloudless sky ;
When thou art gone, he limps with heavy gait
Along a valley, where my thoughts create
Or deepen all the shades which ever line
The road, when thy hand is not clasped in mine.
Dear, when we die, shouldst thou, an angel, rue
Our parting, I, thine own, implore thee wait
Awhile for me, holding ajar the gate
Of heaven, to let my erring soul pass through.

A CONCEIT

I'VE heard it often stated by the wise
As true, that truth can never lie ;
That 'tis not so the reason why
Is plain, for Truth *in mediis rebus* lies.

THE MAID OF THE MOON

Ah, Maid of the Moon gazing down on me,
Pencilled in shadow and light,
Is it fancy that you should resemble
The maid that I dreamed of last night ?

Though your neck, gleaming white to my vision,
Does not consciously shiver displayed,
And your ringlets are shadow not golden
Like those which my night-thoughts portrayed;

Yet in this you resemble her nearly,
In living so far as to be,
Fair Maid of the Moon, not attainable,
And neither—ah ! neither is she.

CRETE

(Bombarded February 22, 1897)

POWERS of Europe ! stay your hand,
 Let God decide the doubtful day,
 Might gives no title to withstand
 The Cretan stag at bay.

Should Christianity prevail,
 Should Turkish Moslem know defeat,
 Yet what can all your arms avail
 The wave-lashed shores of Crete ?

Beneath the diplomatic glove
 Bare not the iron hand of war ;
 Let Greece seek succour from above,
 As in the days of yore.

Greece long famed for war in story,
 May she not breed warriors yet
 Who shall raise her martial glory
 When Turkish sun is set ?

Freedom ! Watchword of our bounds !

Shall we deny it, then, to those
Who look upon the Turkish hounds
As hereditary foes ?

The privilege of those oppressed
Has always revolution been ;
Remember that ‘ What is, is best ’
Is the maxim of the mean.

N. B.—The war thus begun ended in the total defeat of the Greeks.

TO GABRIELLE C—

"TIS not every man and maiden
That can love as you and I,
For a heart with sorrow laden
Welcomes love more cheerfully
Than the heart which mid the pleasure
Of a life in revel spent
Finds in love but one more treasure
Of its joyous element.

DURBAN BAY

WHEN father Neptune first from heaven was
sent

To take command at sea, he travelled through
His kingdom to discover its extent,

And thus to make acquaintance with his new
Domain. One night he somewhat roughly tossed
His deep embroidered cloak upon the shore
Ere he retired to sleep, and from it lost

A gem of purest water which then bore
No special name, but which men later styled
A sapphire. Since old Neptune passed this way
The gem, enshrined by Time in setting wild
Of wooded hills, is known as Durban Bay.

Natal, 1900.

WORK AND COURAGE

WHEN we've recognised our talents

 Let us make all haste to use them ;
Weigh their value in the balance,
 Hesitating, we shall lose them.

In constant working for our ends

 To gain success the secret lies ;
And conscious happiness depends
 On use of our abilities.

A COMPLAINT

CREATOR, wilt thou pardon my offence
If I complain that Thou too hardly hast
Created man with finite powers which mar,
And are marred by, innate desire, intense
And infinite, yet vain ? For life is cast
In such a narrow mould that, like the star
Which shooting falls nowither and nowhence,
Man knoweth nought of future or of past,
And very little of the things that are.

AN OLD LEGEND

AN angel, travelling in disguise
Of man, once when the day was done
Drew near a cottage small, wherein
He looked and found to his surprise
A widow and her infant son
Living with neither kith nor kin.

He begged a lodging, saying he
Had careless strayed and lost his way,
And that, as now the sun was down,
He fain would sleep, adding that he
Would have to leave at break of day
And try to find the nearest town,

The road to which lay many miles
Thro' the dark wood, where thieves might lurk
And savage beasts in search of prey.

The mistress of the house with smiles
Received her guest, laying her work
Aside, and bade him welcomed stay.

The angel, ere the evening meal,
Close to the fire drew his chair,
For night had closed in raw and chill,
And many a glance he watched her steal
Anxiously at the cradle where
Her child lay feverish and ill.

But ever as she moved she talked
The gossip of the country-side,
Though questions to her guest she put
But few, asking how far he'd walked,
Saying if she were rich she'd ride,
And let her neighbours go on foot ;

Though this she said not enviously
As fretting aught against her lot :
She, like her sex, was curious,
And spoke but with a view to try
T' induce the stranger tell her what
He was, and why he travelled thus,

He spoke but little of himself,
Though the good woman for her part
Looked into his eyes and smiled,
Asking excuse for homely delf
And humble fare. He'd won her heart
By kind inquiries for her child.

So the meal passed, and they retired,
Her guest to sleep, but she to sing
A soothing lullaby beside
The cradle where, with tossing tired,
The sick child to her hand would cling,
And crying waked and sleeping cried.

Ere yet the rising sun had scared
The lurking shadows from the way,
A frugal meal of milk and bread
For him his hostess had prepared.
He thanked her. As he turned away,
The mother held his hand and said :

'God bless you ! but before we part
Grant one request : My only child
Is sick, and nigh to death he lies ;
Give him your blessing, for my heart
Tells me that thou canst aid.' She smiled ;
Hope lay expectant in her eyes.

The angel, whom the Lord had sent
This office to fulfil, bent o'er
The sleeping infant and impressed
A kiss upon its brow ; then went
In silence through the open door,
Having fulfilled his God's behest.

The mother knelt beside the cot
And prayed aloud : ' O Lord God, spare
My boy.' In vain. He had begun
The sleep from which one waketh not ;
And through her sobs there came the prayer,
' Almighty God, Thy will be done.'

DISILLUSION

THE laughter of eyes may conceal the havoc
that pain is making,
The jest on the lips may refuse to confess that
the heart is breaking ;
But when all the laughter's faded and when the
last jest is spoken,
The curtain falls, and the world shall know that
another heart is broken.

CONSOLATION

WHEN the blossomless bud of hope is nipped by
deceit's hard frost,
And the fruit of a cold desire scarce gained ere
it is lost,
In the autumn of years our spirit, full weary of
worldly strife,
May grieve for the loss of the summer and
spring of a wasted life.
The garden of love we planted and watered
with tender care
Was wrecked by the wind of passion, till no
flower blossomed there :
The hedgerow of honour we grafted, the ditch
we dug, and the fence
Have long been unable to keep the active
enemy hence,

Who for ever, by force or fraud, in hosts by
day and by night
Have entered our garden to scatter the seedlings
left and right.
But all is not lost, and our work has not been
wholly in vain,
For the sowing and outlined trace of the garden
still remain ;
And we die in the certain hope that the men
who are yet to be
Shall raise on the ruins we leave a garden as
fair to see.

IF THOU WERT MINE

To Lady H—— S——

To love thee, dearest, were an easy task,
To own thee were a sweet though harder
goal ;
The beauty of thy face is but the mask
Which hides the fuller beauty of thy soul.

I long have loved in vain, but with the hope
That some day I might hold the thing I
prize,
And read a favourable horoscope
Within the liquid velvet of thine eyes.

If thou wert mine, no other eye should see
The temple of thy soul to desecrate,
For the strong cradle of my arms should be
A refuge for thee from the storms of fate.

A seed of thistle-down, which gambols free
Across the pasture-land through shade and
shine
Breath-borne, should in its touch far ruder be
Than my awakening kiss each morn, if thou
wert mine.

TO —

On hearing that she was unhappy

A SIGN when tempted to be false or fickle
 You asked me once, whose vision would
 forbid
 Your acts—aye, e'en your thoughts—to
 wander far
 From me ; I pointed to the silver sickle
 Of night's young rising moon lying amid
 The golden harvest of full many a star.

Since then unnumbered moons have waxed and
 waned,
 Since that warm night when last we met to
 part,
 Me the world claimed, and you another
 man :

We both have lost a prize, which others gained;
But I do often wonder if thy heart
Regretful dream upon the talisman.

Rumour has told me the once happy bride
Is now a widow, whose husband liveth yet
Afar in foreign lands ; for when he had
Grown tired of thee, then he left thy side.
Let not the slender moon awake regret,
For it should rather comfort thee when sad.

Let it no longer be a warning sign,
But let it henceforth a sure promise be
That when you call I'm eager to redress
Your wrongs, which I shall gladly take as mine.
No matter where or when, you'll find in me
A man to aid you in your deep distress.

A PARALLEL

As in our garden of friendship,
So in the fields we find
Brightest flowers fade the soonest,
And dullest remain behind.

But we know when the spring returneth
That Earth will recall the flowers,
And weave from their beauty chaplets
To deck the rosy hours.

And we know that friends we lose on earth
Wait on the heavenly shore,
Where we'll meet them renewed in beauty—
‘Not lost, but gone before.’

TO A LADY

With a present of some silver Indian gods

INDIAN silver snakelets, meant for swarthy necks
and arms,
Would only hide and not enhance the whiteness
of your charms ;
But as emblems of a happy life in the faith of
the Hindoo,
May these little Eastern idols bring sweet
memories to you.

A CHOICE

HAPPY be the man who trains
Himself to judge men well ;
Judge mankind by their vices,
We make this world a hell.

Not for this as final cause
Our faculties were given ;
Judge mankind by their virtues,
We make this world a heaven.

A LESSON

As dry, crisp leaves by an October wind
Are hurled aloft in ever-widening eddy
And disappear ; and, passing by, we find
That their late bed is occupied already
By other dead leaves, strewn upon the face
Of autumn's land, e'en so the whirlwind wave
Of passion grips us in its mad embrace,
And wafts us to the life beyond the grave ;
But others always ready stand to take our place.

TO L— C—

As I knelt at my table the other night,
By the lamp's low flicker I prayed,
And I took up my pen intending to write
You a message of love, dear maid.

But the pen had been used for a love long dead
And refused to transcribe a word,
For the rust which I found on the steel was red,
And the scratches it made were blurred.

Thus the pain of the past must always take
The pleasure from all that we do,
And the ghosts of old loves will arise to make
Abortive the birth of the new.

MAXIMS

LIVE thy life nobly ; do what thou
 Canst do to ease another's pain ;
 Remember there is but one chance,
 Thou shalt not pass this way again.
 When in doubt which road to take,
 And advice of man is vain,
 Act according to God's conscience ;
 It will duty's path explain.
 Use not any selfish means
 Desired objects to obtain,
 Consider that another's loss
 Is not always one's own gain.
 Let not vanity induce thee
 E'er the meanest to disdain,
 See that thy forbears' escutcheon
 Is kept free from any stain.

For, although like dust we pass,
Shall our memory long remain
In deeds the children of our body,
And words the children of our brain.

CAPRICE

'Tis woman's nature to be born capricious,
Because originally formed from man ;
And man is also whimsically vicious,
Because created upon God's own plan.
Doubt you if God's own image be propitious
In form of man to plant caprice in him ?
Why should you doubt that God could be
capricious ?
Creation was but one Divine, vast whim.

SONNETS

I

TO THE SONNET

SONNET, I come to worship at thy shrine,
 And break upon the wheel of thy command
 My Muse, which once, by gentle Zephyr fanned,
 Knew no restraint but fancy. I am thine ;
 Unworthy heir of that long glorious line
 Of sonneteers, of whom our native land
 Is justly proud : then take me by the hand,
 And to their offerings conjoin also mine.
 I feel thy temple tremble at my tread.
 And soon in fear from monuments which grace
 Its walls the twilit names of poets dead
 Who worshipped here : may these all pride
 erase
 From tablets of my brain, graving instead
 Humility combined with perfect grace.

II

ARISE AND WORK

STOP, traveller, and do not heedless scan
 The misery around thee with an eye
 Which indignation lacks, and then pass by
 Upon the other side : do what you can
 To throw from class to mass the bridge's span
 Of sympathy and brotherhood, and try
 To help, if not to heal, the misery
 Of brute creation and your fellow-man.
 Come, raise our wilfully self-blinded eyes
 In search of golden harvest-fields abroad
 Beyond our narrow circle, which arise
 In vain too often reaped by force or fraud.
 By work alone we learn to sympathize
 With others' wrongs, and leave our rights to
 God.

III

THE ALTAR OF LIFE

I STOOD once on a mountain-top alone,
And God's creation, smiling, lay around ;
As far as eye could reach was holy ground ;
No work of man defiled the view : not one
Of all those hills bore human trace ; no stone
In that unquarried vastness knew the sound
Of mason's hammer. Then I raised a mound
Into an altar, made of rocks loose thrown,
And named it 'Peace,' and, passing, let it be.
When many years had fled my wanderings
drove
Me there again ; but now there stood with me
A maid of twenty summers, and we wove
A dream of future happiness. Then we
Rebuilt the altar, and renamed it 'Love.'

IV

LIGHT AND SHADOW

THE sun was setting in a golden sea
 Of quivering haze, while just one slender frill
 Of gold between the purple of the hill
And cloud was lying. Sunk in reverie,
Nature in evening worship bent the knee
 To God, her head reclining hushed and still
 Upon her breast, and silent thoughts that fill
Each muser's bosom passed from her to me.
I thought the sunlight was the public eye
 Which rested only on the mountain height
 And famous men, while in the vale hard by,
 Where toiled the lesser man, the shades of
 night
Obscured him from the public view. Was I
 Walking within the shadow or the light ?

V

TO THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE

ALL hail ! proud Anglo-Saxon-speaking race—
 To thee, whose wave-lashed shores are home
 and haunt
 Of Freedom, whom nor heathen foe can daunt
 Nor so-called Christian, though their deeds dis-
 grace
 The very name of Christ. There is no place
 In thy great heart for spite or rancorous taunt
 To muttered Teuton curse and Gallic vaunt,
 Too feeble to withstand thee face to face.
 By land and sea alike thy deeds are blest,
 For dead is Dutch and Spanish tyranny.
 United States, United Kingdom, best
 Of all united hearts and voices be
 One for all time ; and still from east to west,
 From west to east, stretch hands across the
 sea.

VI

RIENZI

RIENZI ! thou whose heaven-inspired soul
 Warred against tyranny alone ; endowed
 With eloquence divine, alike the crowd
 And council felt thy sway. Freedom thy goal,
 Though thy reward was death. Upon Fame's
 roll

Thy name shall always stand as one who
 bowed
 To thy stern will the tyrant barons proud,
 Who tremblingly acknowledged thy control.
 Would that once more thy day-star, from the
 night

Of tyrannies arising, would make men see
 More clearly to distinguish wrong from right,
 And stir the people's blood to righteous frenzy.
 Thy name, alas ! is but a name. Good-night !
 Last of the Romans, Cola di Rienzi !

VII

TO CHLOE

FAIR maid, last night when thou thy harp sat
playing,

I watched with jealousy thy finger-tips
Kissing the strings, just as a bee who sips
And flies away, from bud to flower straying;
Then, since thy beauty there is no gainsaying,

I spoke of love. At once thy light frown clips
The wings of Hope, and down the poor bird
dips,

Its prayer unanswered, yet for mercy praying.

But be not unforgiving, pause awhile,

And with maturer thought give to my prayer
A favouring ear, that I may reconcile
My conscience with my fault; and thou
prepare

The next time that we meet to lend a smile,

That I may borrow full forgiveness there.

VIII

MEMORIES

UPON a ruin Time had spread her crust
 Of lichen, and with lavish hand had sown
 Her weeds, while here and there between the
 stone,
 Where grew thick grass, the thunderbolt had
 thrust
 Its jagged fingers, charring into dust
 The granite. Musing there I sat alone,
 And toward me from the past were mem'ries
 blown
 Of a dead passion that was more than lust,
 Yet less than love ; and as the ruin hoar
 In clinging weeds and thick lush grass was clad,
 E'en so the wreck of dead desire wore
 Its memories, and sorrow came to add
 Its lichen covering to the ruin, for
 Though most were bitter-sweet, yet all were
 sad.

IX

FANCY

How sweet to leave reality, to dwell
 Awhile among the clouds of thought, and
 hitch
 The dream-doves to the yoke of life ! A rich
 Ungarnered harvest lies around us. Hell
 Behind and heaven before, where we may swell
 Imagination to her highest pitch,
 And rear trans-Pyrrenean castles, which
 Our duller reason later must dispel.
 But let no thought of this impair the glad
 Short hour, when, soaring heavenward, Fancy
 flies
 From fact, and bears us on her pinions, mad
 With excess of joy, yet weeping as our eyes
 Behold that which in life is always sad,
 A dream amid its stern realities.

X

ARISE AND SPEAK

MAN that is born of woman is tongue-tied
By Nature's law. Why is it that we hold
Our peace? Ikonoclast, or else too cold
To care, we know no medium. Pride
And Ambition sleep. Complacently we bide
Our time, at first too young to be so bold
As to express our feelings, then too old
To feel, content to follow, not to guide.
But there's a time, ere youth begins to fail,
Just when the sun Experience appears
Above th' horizon, when we may avail
Ourselves of either age. An audience hear
Attentively a man who has the sail
Of youth, the ballast of his riper years.

XI

The author, when staying once in Moscow, heard a Russian prince express surprise that Byron was not buried in Westminster Abbey. While returning to his hotel after dinner he composed the following sonnet :

ON BYRON

Proud poet ! who laid'st down for the oppressed
 Thy life on foreign shore without return,
 It is not strange that foreigners should learn
 With wonderment that thou hast not been blest
 To sleep, with England's noblest, England's best,
 Within the Abbey. Do our cheeks not burn
 With shame to think that no memorial urn
 Or graven statue marks thy place of rest ?
 Let us no longer prudishly conceal
 Our love, but raise a monument, or give
 Some sign of gratitude to show we feel
 That in the heart of millions thou dost live,
 And ever shall. Compatriots, I appeal
 To our great English nation to forgive.

XII

TO HELEN

I FIND the years unable to efface
 The mem'ry of our play, where you were
 Queen
 And I played King. The actors from the scene
 Of life drop off, and others take their place ;
 But the old piece we played will never grace
 The boards again, and never what has been
 Will be ; for love is dead, and nigh unseen
 The dusty stage, whereon Time leaves no trace.
 Most of our fellow-actors are at peace :
 We, superannuated, move about
 The empty rooms and corridors, our lease
 Of life expired long ago, without
 A part ; for we have heard the music cease
 In mournful fall ; the footlights are all out.

XIII

THE END

LIFE is not sad, nor glad ; it just appears
 A blank, with neither joy nor grief to fill
 The void ; there is no happiness can kill
 The parasite forgetfulness : the tears
 Of anguish too run dry : all hopes and fears
 Have sunk to nothingness ; there is no ill,
 No wound, however deep it be, that will
 Not feel the potent remedy by years
 Applied. I feel I stand beside the grave
 Of dead ambition. All my so called gains
 And losses lie there too ; the stones that pave
 Our way through life, its pleasures past and
 pains
 O'ercome forgotten, over which the wave
 Of Time has passed, and nothing now re-
 mains.

XIV

PATIENCE

'TWAS night. I stood upon a bridge alone,
 In God's eternity of time and space
 An atom, a mere nothing, with no place
 Whereon to rest my foot and call my own,
 Weary of life, and by the world unknown ;
 And looking down I heard the waters race
 With fretful swirl in search of the embrace
 Of silent seas waiting with arms wide-thrown.
 Straight envy and impatience interwove
 A prayer unvoiced to the great throne
 addressed,
 But, looking upwards, from the stars above
 There came a voice which said, 'God knoweth
 best :
 Be patient, nor anticipate His love ;
 God in His own good time will give thee rest.'

XV

BEHOLD HIS HANDIWORK

I HEARD a wanderer cry, ‘ What shall I do
 To find a refuge from the cant and creed
 Of modern times, where realisms feed
 The social craving for the strange and new?’
 Be comforted, poor wanderer ! for you
 And all there is a refuge. Pay no heed
 To mire and swine: to Nature turn and
 read
 Her remedy in myriad form and hue.
 The sunlight shimmering on down and dale,
 The angel voices lisping with the wind,
 The dreamy moonlight, all repeat the tale
 Which never wearies. Reason then combined
 With faith shall lift in time fair Nature’s veil,
 And show to man the God who stands behind.

XVI

IN THE MIDST OF LIFE

HILARITY runs high, and not one grave
 Nor thoughtful face is seen to form a link
 From present joy to future woe ; the clink
 Of glasses rings, as each successive wave
 Of merriment rolls on, and ne'er a knave
 Of all has serious thought. The wine will
 sink
 Past, present, future ; free men do not think
 Of these—old Time is meant but for the slave.
 One pledges Merriment, and cries ‘Good cheer
 To earth’s best Angel !’ Scarce has died the
 breath
 When silence reigns, and someone cries in fear,
 ‘An Angel passes ;’ and lo ! there stands Death,
 Tall, shadowy, gaunt. ‘You called me ; I am here,’
 And, beckoning with his finger, ‘Come,’ he
 saith.

XVII

BY THE GRAVE OF ONE I LOVED

I GRIEVE to think that there beneath the sod
 Lies one with whom, when still a child, I
 played,
 Loved as a youth, and as a man, afraid
 To speak my love, have lost ; for whom unshod
 I would have travelled all the world, and trod
 The paths of greatest danger undismayed
 To call her mine ; yet e'en while I delayed
 To speak the word, the word was said by God.
 She was God's brightest flower, unwooed, un-
 wed ;
 Death's messenger beheld her loveliness,
 And as he reaped the harvest of the dead
 He could not pass her by, but must confess
 His love, so kissed her on the lips and said,
 'Wilt thou be mine ?' She meekly answered,
 ' Yes.'

XVIII

REASON OR FAITH

I WANDERED in a wood of darkest doubt,
 And round my feet the matted briars grew
 thick,
 Impeding my advance, and being sick
 At heart with sudden fear I turned about,
 Hoping by reason's feeble light to rout
 The ever-thickening shades, and tried to pick
 My backward way ; but as I trimmed the wick
 My lamp was by a sudden wind blown out.
 Then all was changed ; and glimmering light
 seemed poured
 Through the dark wood, and with the growing
 gloam
 There came an angel's whisper which restored
 My fainting heart, and said : ' Seek not to roam
 The world by reason's light : trust in the Lord,
 Who by the light of faith will lead you home.'

XIX

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH

‘IN Loving Memory!’ How little pain
These words more times than oft conceal !
All we who are awaiting death must feel
That Love will die, nor Memory remain
More than a dream upon a passive brain,
For they are few whose wounds Time cannot
heal ;
Yet, after many years of woe and weal,
Is there but one, we have not lived in vain.
Is there but one to hold the world well lost,
Rememb’ring the departed one whose room
None else can fill, nor stay to count the cost
Of cherishing amid life’s evening gloom
A love unslain by Death’s hard winter frost,
Which sees a second spring beyond the tomb.

XX

WEARINESS

WHEN we feel Envy's foul, malignant tooth
 Upon our bleeding throat, and can apply
 No remedy, and see the cursèd lie
 Time after time victorious over truth,
 And Mammon the one idol, then, forsooth,
 The soul goes out in one despairing cry,
 Rending the solitude—‘Lord, let me die
 Ere disillusion slay all dreams of youth !’
 And yet we die not, though earth, sea, and air
 Threaten our lives, and daily means are rife
 For our destruction, and though everywhere
 We see alternate joy and sadness. Strife,
 Defeat ; hopes, disappointment ; dreams, de-
 spair ;
 Illusion, disillusion—this is life.

THE MAD MONK

Time: Midnight.

Scene: Interior of a chapel. One small light is burning over the altar, dimly revealing a monk who is kneeling there, his cowl thrown back, his head bent—he soliloquizes.

'TIS fifteen weary years ago to-day
 Since first I entered here and took the vow
 That I the Church would honour and obey :
 I do so still—God help me!—yes, somehow.

Fifteen long years—a young girl's life-time—
 For me three half decades of ceaseless pain :
 Is this the end of all my hopes sublime
 By which I thought, earth lost, a heaven to
 gain ?

I've tried to love the Church to keep my vow,
 My willing back beneath the scourge I've bent,
 And yet the sole conviction left me now
 Is that the Almighty's not omnipotent.

Vain hope that God could save from such a
thought,

Vain hope in Virtue's spiritual rod,
Vain hope that life can e'er by blood be bought,
Neither my life by mine, nor man's by God.

When, through long summer nights for breath
I've panted,

Wishing to die and wake again in hell,
At times I almost thought my prayer was granted,
So hard it was to recognise my cell.

Its narrow limits endlessly enlarged
And peopled thick with wraiths of grievous sin ;
Ah ! would that I had spread my wings o'er-
charged

With dead desires, and risen to let them in,
And let them reign upon their native soil—
A rabbled host as man ne'er fed before—
Until from very surfeit I'd recoil
From loathsome sin and wish to sin no more.

They tell me I've been mad sometimes—ay,
mad!—

That they have scourged me to restrain desire,
And in my fiercest paroxysms had
To bind me ere the madness would expire.

Been mad? Yes, mad perhaps I may have been;
And so would they, who thus have roughly
dealt

Me blows and bound me, had they only seen
In others but one-half the pain I've felt.

I loved a young girl once, a winsome maid;
She loved elsewhere—the tale is old—and
when

I sought despairingly the convent's aid
To exorcise the devil's tempting, then

I hoped that here, behind its iron gate,
Where pious thoughts with holy men abide,
I'd stifle pangs of love insatiate,
And find that wished-for peace the world
denied.

I hoped that distance from the busy hum
Of men, and conversation with the saints
Would give that earnest of the life to come
Which Rumour tells us of and Fancy paints.

But no ! the flame of love I hoped to smother
Was nursed among the embers of my thought,
Until I was convinced that in no other
Way but flight could earthly peace be bought.

But hearing that her first-born child had died,
And that her lover loved her now no more,
My resolution was dispelled by Pride,
Though Pity stood and held the open door :

Pride told me that a woman in distress
Would seek her former lover. Had she
sought
For pardon then I would have answered, ‘Yes,’
And gladly learned the task Experience
taught.

But woman's pride is stronger than a man's ;
For, though I waited week by week, yet she
Came not, and while I dreamed of future plans
I heard that she had died in misery.

Then I arose alone and went in search
Of hell, and on this altar that enticed
Me here I swore one night to hate the Church :
I cursed alike the Devil and the Christ.

Now every hope is dead beyond reprieve—
For who could curse the living God and dare
To live unharmed on God's own earth ?—I leave
The hell that's here to find the hell that's
there.

* * * * *

The monk who came to toll the bell next morn
A lifeless form beside the altar found,
While in the matting gnawed and garments torn,
The traces of a struggle lay around.

The madman had found peace, and on his face
Despairing Triumph's ghastly smile still lay :
He tore his soul from earthly resting-place
And passed to meet his God at break of day.

Hopeless the soul had climbed the steep ascent
To heaven, unconscious of its last great sin,
And God the Angel of Forgiveness sent
To hold the gate ajar and say, 'Come in.'

THE END

WHEN all has been for me that is to be,
And I have reached the goal of life's long
race,
I wish to take to friend the broad, deep sea,
And lose myself within his cold embrace.

By the same Author and uniform with this Work.

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'Graceful and genuine thought.'—*Gentlewoman*.

'A cavalry officer who chooses to be known as Auguste Smada has, or assumes in the dedication and conclusion of his poem, "Rus Divinum," a philosophy of life curiously tinged with melancholy. Fortunately for his readers he has taken a holiday for the purposes of this poem. For a day he leaves his "life of outward joy, of inward sorrow," and revels in the country from daybreak to moonrise. Nor are we sorry to have accompanied him, for he makes a pleasing and melodious guide. The dawn and sunrise, the mountain, the river with its winged visitors, give place as the day advances to the sea, a rainbow cloud, sunset, and night with a summer moon. The episodes of the day's ramble are varied by numerous philosophical reflections which they suggest. . . . Especially felicitous is a pathetic sketch of a butterfly drawn into the current of the stream. . . . In his pessimistic dedication Captain Adams refers to his public as "those few, those very few." There may be more than he imagines who take an interest in pastoral poetry, and of those, few indeed will find disappointment in "Rus Divinum."'*—Manchester Guardian*.

'One begins to read this little volume of sincere verse with a peculiar sentiment of sympathy, which deepens as one penetrates further into the recesses of the writer's heart. The soldier is ever at an advantage

in the world of sentiment. When he is also a poet he becomes irresistible. "Rus Divinum" is just the sort of verse which we expect from a soldier in whom, *inter arma*, the same contemplative rural muse which walked with Walton and Thomson finds a faithful and courtly suitor. Its quality is honest, observant, coloured in places with a beauty of phrase which is rather the accident of emotion than the deliberate work of the artist in words. Captain Adams is, indeed, a poet not merely *inter arma*, but actually *in armis*. "Rus Divinum" was written to beguile the tedium of the siege of Ladysmith. It was between the reverberations of Long Tom and the desperate midnight sallies on Cæsar's Camp that these clear-cut pictures of green meadows and cool rivulets "flashed upon the inward eye," which even in crowded and beleaguered camps is "the bliss of solitude." . . . There are passages whose minute knowledge and intimate appreciation of rural sights and sounds remind us of the "In Memoriam" itself, and these are often followed by passages of somewhat sententious reflection, which betray the authentic inspiration of Cowper and Crabbe. Throughout the poem we have a quite Homeric personification of the powers of Nature, which combines with the occasional use of a neat classical construction to show that Captain Adams knows his Horace and Lucretius at least as well as his Clery on "Tactics" and his "Soldiers' Pocket-book." . . . The book is dedicated to those who, "from the turmoil and trial of passions of this world, may wish to turn for a few moments their weary eyes to Nature and to Love." To such people we can, indeed, recommend no more pleasing prescription than the little book of this soldier poet, who has drunk of the *largior aether* of the ancients on the dusty veldt of our most modern outskirt of Empire.'—*The Daily Express* (Ireland).

Few cavalry officers write pastoral poems in their leisure moments; and when we further remember that the present poem on the countryside divine was almost entirely composed during the siege of Ladysmith by an officer who had very little leisure, who, like the rest of the garrison, was liable to sudden death at any

moment for four months, and had to support existence by devouring the horses of his own squadron, then the wonder increases. It is as though Milton had been present at Naseby, and taken the opportunity of any lull in the conflict to write "L'Allegro"; or it is like Browning's youth, imprisoned in the Piombi, but singing still of Zanze and the hazel-trees. It is strange, but then Captain Adams is already well known to people who remember peculiar law-suits as the hero of one of the most peculiar on record, and from a man who has done his utmost to ruin his professional career by two acts of that "quixotic folly" which in our hearts we all admire, especially when it is the reputation of women that may be saved—from such a man we may expect even verses under Long Tom shells. . . . Among the parched kopjes and turbid sprouts of South Africa, the poet thinks only of deep English meadows and winding brooks, where the lark springs up or the hare urges his zigzag flight . . . the description of an English summer day and English scenes. . . . The poet . . . has a peculiar felicity of diction. . . . The poem . . . has seriousness and power of phrase.'—*The Daily Chronicle*.

'The author of "Rus Divinum" has read the heart of Nature, and interprets in musical verse her secrets to humanity, her endlessly varying charms, her mournful dignity, her dainty loveliness, her solemn grandeur. We know, as we peruse these pages, that they have been penned by a cultured and scholarly man, steeped in the classic lore of the ancients; but still more do we feel that they are the work of the true poet, in whose soul burns the divine fire of genius.'—*The Daily Independent* (Ireland).

'A decidedly fine poem. . . . Leaving

"Disputes on origin and cause
To those who tabulate our natural laws,"

the author prefers to "worship divine Nature face to face." . . . There is a really fine description of dawn. . . . The poem, as a whole, is well worth reading. It is full of the *joie de vivre*, and in that respect a healthy contrast to so much of the decadent verse of the day.'—*Irish Times*.

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